"Just in the nick of time" this week to raise a club, send in guesses, hit the target, and get a slice of the watermelon.

National Tribune.

Devote Thursday or Friday of this week to club-raising. Friday night mail us the club and guesses. This is the way to hit the target and get a slice of the watermelon.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1901. VOL. XX—NO. 24—WHOLE NO. 1023.

By ROBERT MORRIS PECK.

The Captain and two Lieutenants of a company usually take turns at commanding the company day about. In the infantry our Colonel requires the officer in command of the company for the day to relieve some private in the ranks of his musket and other accouterments and carry them himself, at the head of the company, so that the officer will more fully realize how it goes with the men in the ranks.

We are driving along with us a herd of Texas cattle, for our supply of fresh meat, and the long-horned, long-legged beeves seem to stand the trip as well as our horses, frequently traveling 25 or 30 miles per day. The infantry seem to stand the tramp even better than the cavalry. When they reach camp their day's work is done, and they lie down and rest. Not so with the cavalryman. When he arrives in camp his horse demands his first attention. He has to be unsaddled, watered and picketed out on grass. Then at "stable call" the horse is again led to water, picketed out for the night, and thoroughly groomed, which is nearly an hour's work. All this time the infantryman is resting.

July 20.—Ten days out, and no sign of the Cheyennes yet. As we had only 20 days' rations at starting, I begin to think that it is about time we were finding them, as it will probably take the remaining 10 days to get back in reach of our supplies. On mentioning this to Bill Shade (an old soldier in his second enlistment), as he rode by my side in the ranks, he took a hearty laugh at my "greenness," as he termed it.

"Why, did you have any idea when we left the train with 20 days' rations that we would be back to Fort Kearny on our train in 20 days?" he asked, in surprise, as soon as he could sufficiently control himself.

"I certainly did," I replied.

"Then you are a soft one, certain. Why, we've got over 100 days' rations, instead of 20."

"I'd like to know where they are," I answered. "I know my mess had only 20 days' grub at the start, and we've already got away with half of it. Where's your hundred days' rations?"

"Do you see all them pack-mules? Do you see all these old horses?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, not yet understanding him; "but what has that to do with rations?"

"Only this: I know 'Old Bull of the Woods' well enough to be certain that if he strikes a warm trail of the Cheyennes he'll never stop or turn back while there is a pack-mule or a horse to eat."

This silenced me for some time, when I again ventured to ask:

"What does mule meat taste like, Bill?"

"More like hoss than anything else."

"What does horse taste like?"

"Like mule," answered Bill.

"But is it good?" I asked.

"Anything is good to a starvin' man."

"Did you ever eat mule or horse meat?" I asked.

"Lots of times, and you can say that same by the time your five years is up."

As Bill was a great hand to play jokes on recruits, I began to think he was only "codding" me, but realized afterwards, to my sorrow, that he meant every word of it, and didn't miss it far, either.

Nothing happened to alter the dull sameness of the tedious tramp until the 19th day out from the train. Most of the men appeared to feel "blue." Our rations would be out tomorrow, and what then? True, we had our herd of beef-cattle, but they had dwindled down to a small bunch, and wouldn't last long when we had nothing left but beef to eat. And, then, when they were gone, we would be compelled to eat our mules.

SIGNS OF THE ENEMY.

On this day our scouts reported fresh signs of the enemy. This had a cheerful effect on the command. We argued that if we could find the Indians—we never doubted our ability to whip them—our job would soon be done, and then we could strike off farther east and soon reach the buffalo range. We would then be safe from starvation till we reached Fort Kearny, that post being in the heart of the buffalo range.

As we were now confident that we were nearing the enemy extra vigilance was required to guard against surprise.

We are now on the head waters of Solomon Fork, and the ground is somewhat rougher than it has been. We march in three columns, "*en echelon*," from which position we can be brought quickly into line, to meet an attack from front, rear, right or left.

Tonight we camp on open, elevated ground, where it would be difficult for an enemy to surprise us. We are ordered to do our cooking and extinguish all fires before dark. The guard is strengthened, and we sleep with one eye open, our belts on, and carbines by our sides; horses brought in close and picketed at half-lariat.

Nothing occurred, however, to disturb us during the night. In the morning we were called up by verbal command, no bugle-call being allowed. We hurried through our stable-call, breakfast and other duties, each man being ordered to take a little grub in his "haversack"—this little being all we have left now of our 20 days' rations, for this is the 20th day of the trip. All seemed cheerful and eager for the expected fight.

We got an early start, sending the scouts some distance ahead, and on each flank.

We marched on thus until about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, halting for a few minutes, occasionally, to close up the rear. At 10 o'clock a Delaware scout came galloping back and reported to Col. Sumner that a small body of Indians was in sight, but seemed to be retreating as our scouts advanced.

PREPARING FOR ACTION.

As concealment was now no longer possible, Col. Sumner ordered his Orderly Bugler to sound "halt," and when we had halted the Colonel commanded, loud enough to be heard all through the command:

"Company commanders will see that their men are prepared for action!"

Then each Captain commanded:

"Prepare to dismount!"

"Dismount!"

"Prepare for action!"

Then the company officers, passing along the column, gave such instructions as, "Tighten up your saddle-girths." "See that your accouterments are in good shape and your arms in good working order!" "Non-commissioned officers will see that the men have a good supply of cartridges."

All these preparations were hurriedly made and each Captain rode to the head of his company and commanded:

"Prepare to mount!" then "Mount!" Then, turning to the Colonel, saluted and reported, "My company is ready for action, sir."

"Bugler, sound the 'Advance,'" commanded the Colonel.

The "Advance" being sounded, we moved on at a brisk walk. Just then Lieut. Bayard, commanding the battery, came galloping up to the head of his column, his battery having been delayed in rear of the command. The Colonel on seeing him asked:

"PIERCED WITH ARROWS, LYNCH FELL FROM HIS HORSE."

"Mr. Bayard, is your battery prepared for action?"

"Not only prepared, Colonel, but my men are just fairly spoiling for a fight," answered Bayard.

"That's right; we will try to give you a chance before long."

The Colonel was riding just in advance of the head of our company, center column, and as he had a very strong voice, I could hear distinctly all he said. Speaking to a lot of officers who had gathered about him he remarked:

"Gentlemen, you will probably soon have something to do. My instructions from the War Department are to use all means to conciliate the Indians. But if conciliation fails, then to use my discretion and do the best I can for the safety of my command and the honor of the Government."

Speaking of "conciliation," we were greatly hampered by the milk-and-water orders issued by the War Department in compliance with the demands of sentimentalists in the East, who were afraid that the "poor red men" would be harshly treated by the soldiers, and never could be made to understand the actual condition of affairs on the frontier. Instead of being allowed to use measures that would have prevented massacres and robberies of the whites and the destruction of their property, we were generally restricted to the unpleasant duty of following around after the murderous red-skins and burying the remains of their mutilated victims.

Our commanding officers were usually in dread of being jerked up, reprimanded, or dismissed from the service, if they used any severe measures in punishing the Indians for their cruel barbarities, and were expected to keep the red devils in order by threats and coaxings. Therefore officers of important rank seldom dared to pitch into the Indians, when an opportunity offered for evening up with them; but when we got out in small parties under command of some Lieutenant, Sergeant or Corporal who hadn't so much rank to lose we had a better prospect of fighting.

Orders from Washington authorizing the pursuit and punishment of marauders were generally nullified by the admonition to use all means to conciliate them. And the Indians were smart enough to take advantage of this weak-kneed policy. It was often extremely humiliating to us, after chasing the Indians round for months to bring them to time for some outbreak, when we got them cornered, to find them raising a white rag and proposing another treaty, to be disregarded and broken whenever their inclinations prompted it. And a commanding officer who would dare to ignore such an appeal would hear from Washington in no uncertain terms. If left to their own judgment our army officers would have settled this Indian question long ago, and settled it decisively, thereby saving the lives of many innocent people, men, women and children, and saving the Government many millions of dollars; but the soldiers have been compelled to fight Indians with their hands tied, as it were. They have been censured by Western people for not striking the Indians when they had an opportunity, but the fault was never with the soldiers in such cases. Their will was good enough, but the uplifted avenging hand was often paralyzed by orders from Washington.

Another scout came back from the front and reported that the party of Indians seen were certainly Cheyennes, were retreating slowly, and seemed to be a reconnoitering party. The Colonel ordered the Bugler to sound the "trot."

"I have implicit confidence in my officers and men," said Col. Sumner. "I don't know how many warriors the Cheyennes will bring against us, but I do know if you all pull together, and obey orders promptly, we can whip the whole tribe."

Our company commanders commanded: "Trot—march!" and we moved along at a brisk trot.

Shortly after this, in crossing a little creek, some of the teams of Bayard's guns got bogged down, and we left them floundering in the mud, and the last we saw or heard of Bayard (until after the battle) he was swearing like a pirate at the unfortunate delay. Of course, the infantry was left behind, too, when we struck the trot, and neither they nor the battery arrived on the field till after the fight was over.

This left us an actual fighting force of only about 300 men; part of each company being detailed to man the battery, some left back with the train, some being employed leading pack-mules, etc. Our pack-mules were kept up close in our rear until the charge was made, when they were halted to await results.

After we left the high ground and came down into the river bottom (Solomon River) our scouts dropped back nearer to us, which indicated that the enemy was near; and on rounding a bluff point we came into full view of them. They were still some distance off—so far that we could not estimate their numbers, but we could see that there was a large body of them, and they seemed to have been waiting for us, and had picked their ground. As we advanced briskly we could soon see that they were in motion, and coming toward us—a dense, dark mass of men and horses—with here and there the gleam of a bright gun-barrel or lance-point in the sunshine.

Everything seemed against us, and nothing in our favor, except the superiority of our arms—Sharps rifles, Colt's navies and sabers, against their old muzzle-loading rifles, lances and bows and arrows. They were nearly three times our number, with fresh horses, while ours were nearly worn out, and they had picked their ground to fight on.

Still, "Old Bull of the Woods" didn't seem to hesitate a second about attacking them, and seemed determined to make up by a bold dash what we lacked in force. The Indians, too, seemed confident, as they came briskly up to meet us, drawn up in line of battle, somewhat similar to ours, only they seemed to be five or six ranks deep and not in very close order.

Things occur very rapidly at such a time as this, and it takes much longer to tell of the incidents than it took them to occur.

While the two bodies were approaching each other, and yet some distance apart, Bill Slade and I found time to play a joke on a little Scotchman named Peter Robinson, who was riding between us in the ranks. I knew Peter was a little timid, and thought it would be fun to scare him a little. So I reached down into my "haversack" and hauling out a chunk of bread and meat, began eating it, winking at Bill and saying:

"Bill, hadn't we better get away with this little dab of grub before the Indians get us? I'd hate like thunder to be laid out here on the prairie with a full haversack and leave this world with an empty stomach."

Bill took the hint, went down into his haversack, and began eating, remarking to Peter:

"Peter, hadn't you better get out your grub and clean it up? For in all probability in the next 30 minutes you'll be dead as Julius Caesar and some red-skin gettin' away with your scalp and commissary."

Peter was already pale, but he turned paler, if possible, as he replied:

"Now, boys, don't! How can ye talk so, an' death a starin' us in the face?"

"Well, Peter," said I, "if you've lost your appetite you'd better turn your rations over to me and Bill. I hate to think of the cussed Indians getting it."

Just then I noticed a mounted man dash out from the right on our line, and when he had reached the center of the space between us and the Cheyennes he suddenly halted, raised his rifle and fired at the Indians. It was Fall Leaf, our Delaware guide.

I then heard Col. Sumner say, in a loud tone, to Lieut. Stanley:

"Mr. Stanley, bear witness that an Indian fired the first shot."

He seemed to have half expected up to this time that the Cheyennes would halt and hoist a white flag for a parley. And now he could establish the fact that an Indian fired the first shot, and he was under no further obligation to wait for overtures of a peaceful nature. Several shots were sent after Fall Leaf by the Cheyennes as he wheeled and galloped back to our line, and the Colonel may have really thought that the Cheyennes fired the first shot. But many of us knew better.

At this time the enemy's line so far outflanked us that they were turning to come on to our pack-train in our rear. Our right was moving along the bank of the river, which is shallow; but a party of the Cheyennes had crossed the stream and were recrossing, after having passed our right. Their right was about to turn our left flank also. All this time they were yelling as only Indians can yell.

At this juncture Col. Sumner commanded, "Sling—carbine!" then, immediately, "Draw—saber!" Then noticing the Cheyennes turning to our left he ordered Capt. Beale to deploy his company to the left and drive them back; and almost in the same breath roared out:

"Gallop—march!" then "Charge!" and with a yell that made the Indians check up we brought our sabers to a "tierce point," and dashed at them.

The sight of those 300 bright sabers flashing in the sunshine was more than Indian nature could endure. They hesitated—wavered a moment, then wheeled and ran. Just as they checked up a fine-looking warrior, who seemed to be their Chief, dashed up and down their line on a fiery horse, shouting to them, and brandishing his lance, evidently urging them to fight. But they couldn't stand the sight of so much cold steel. But as they ran they sent a shower of arrows behind them.

Most of them broke for the river and crossed it, continuing on southward. Some ran to the north and east, on this side of the river, and in fact scattered in every direction, with our men after them and amongst them. Now and then a party of them would halt and fight a little and then run again. And, their horses being fresh, while ours were jaded, enabled them to easily outrun us. Quite a number lost their horses in crossing the river—mired in the quicksands. These Indians were nearly all soon overtaken and killed. But they would fight desperately when brought to bay, never thinking of surrendering.

A scattered, running fight was kept up for several miles, when, our force being widely separated and scattered, the Colonel had the "re-call" sounded, and we came straggling back to the ground where the charge was made.

Just before the command "Charge" was given I had suddenly missed our Scotchman, Peter Robinson, and glancing back saw him check up his horse till the ranks had passed him, and then drop off. I had no time to look after him, but concluded he was shot.

When the "re-call" was sounded and we were returning over the field, I thought of Peter, and rode back to the spot where he fell, expecting to find him either dead or badly wounded, but he was nowhere to be seen. On crossing the creek to where the main body of the command was gathering I found him there, all right, not having received a scratch.

"Why, Peter," I said, "I thought I saw you fall off your horse, shot?"

'Not by a —— sight," he replied, with a gratified expression. "You see, you and Bill Slade had me scared so that I couldn't stand it to go into that charge; so I just reined back, and rolled off my horse, and lay there till the 're-call' sounded."

"Well, Peter," I said, "a man who is that timid is unfit for a soldier."

"I know that, now. I begin to see I'm not fit for a soldier. I'm a natural coward, and I can't help it. But if ever I get back to the States again I'll quit the business." And so he did. When he got back to Fort Leavenworth he deserted.

In reviewing this fight it seemed to all of us, at first glance, that the Colonel had made a great mistake in ordering a saber charge. If we had fired a volley with Sharps rifles and then charged into them with drawn revolvers, leaving the saber for the last resort, we could have killed a great many more Indians. But the Colonel, being an old Indian fighter, realized that with the advantages that the Cheyennes had over us, it would be necessary to make a bold dash that would strike terror into their ranks. And in this respect the saber charge was a complete success. Their number was estimated at 800 or 1,000. Of course, we all realized when the Indians broke and ran that the sabers would be almost useless, and so either "returned" or threw them away, and used our rifles or pistols.

AMONG THE WOUNDED.

Col. Sumner decided to camp on the south bank of the Solomon, directly opposite the ground we began the charge on. When I arrived at the camp the infantry and artillery were just getting in, much chagrined at not having had an opportunity to take a hand in the fight. An old tent-fly was stretched to make a shelter for the wounded and to be used as a hospital. I went immediately to the hospital to ascertain the number of our killed and wounded. I there found two killed—Private Lynch, of Co. A, and George Cade, of Co. G. Cade had been shot through the breast with an arrow, the missile going clear through the body. Lynch was fairly riddled with arrows and bullets, but neither had been scalped.

The Colonel was industriously circulating among the wounded, speaking words of comfort and cheer to each one as he passed along. There were some 10 or 12 wounded. Among the number I noticed Private Cook, of Co. G, had an ugly arrow wound in his breast, very similar to the wound that killed Cade. The arrow had passed clear through Cook's body, and it was a wonder that it hadn't killed him; but he seemed comfortable and talked cheerfully, though occasionally spitting blood.

While I was standing by the Colonel approached him, and taking up his hand felt his pulse and asked:

"How are you feeling, my man?"

"All right, Colonel, but a little weak," replied Cook.

"Not going to give up and die, I hope?" asked the Colonel.

"Not much, sir," answered Cook, with a smile. "I'll live to eat lots of hardtack and sowbelly for Uncle Sam yet."

"That's right," said the Colonel; "never give up. I hope you'll be able for duty soon," and then, turning to the doctor, added: "He'll do. Such men are not easy to kill."

And thus he passed along, having a kind word for every one. Private Cook, of Co. G, recovered, and served out his time, a sound, hearty man.

The circumstances of the death of Private Lynch, of Co. A, as related to me by one of his comrades, are as follows:

He had been detailed for the day to lead pack-mules, and was so doing just in our rear when we were brought into line before charging. Seeing his Orderly-Sergeant passing near he called out to him:

"Sergeant, can't you send some other man here to hold these mules? I want to go into the fight."

"No time for any change, now," replied the Sergeant; "you'll have to stay where you are and hold the mules," and passed on to the front.

Lynch looked after the Sergeant, and remarked, indignantly:

"Hold ——, in a fight. Do they suppose I've come all this way across the plains to hold pack-mules in a fight?" and with that he dropped the leading-strap,

(Continued on seventh page.)

Can You Hit the Target With Guesses?

The winners in the present contest will be printed on this page next week. Make as many guesses as possible, and you may appear amongst them.

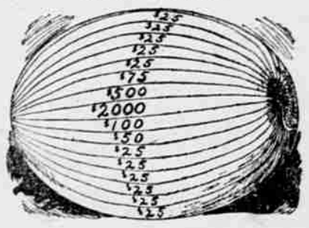
Comrades can devote a day or two this week to club-raising and still have time for getting in their guesses. When the winners appear on this page next week, many comrades will regret they did not make a little effort, especially if they see the winning guesses were about in range with those they had in mind.

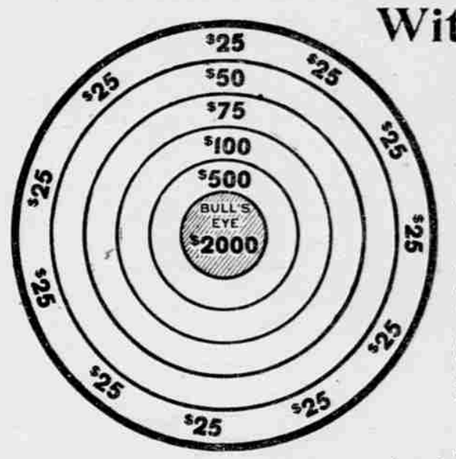
It is very easy to get subscribers or book-buyers. With the people you know well do not take "No" for an answer. Just put their names down and demand the $1. When the paper gets to coming, or they receive their books, they will be very glad you were so determined.

While every subscriber has a chance, the contest this time may be called a club-raisers' contest. Very few large clubs are sent. Therefore, a small club, just such a one as you can raise in a day or two, stands a good chance.

Club-raisers who are well off should trust some comrades for the whole or a part of their subscriptions. Next pension day, or when they are in funds, they will pay up. If some of them do not, we will inform them that we will stop the paper if they do not pay the club-raiser. That is apt to bring them to time.

Raise a Club, Hit the Target, and Get a Slice of the Watermelon.





With Guesses?

Free "shots" for every Subscriber, Club-Raiser and Book Buyer.

Extra "shots" for Club-Raisers.

Guess the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for

Monday, March 25, 1901.

From its profits THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has taken **$3,000** and divided it into 16 prizes, as follows:

"Bull's-Eye" prize	**$2,000**
First prize	**500**
Second "	**100**
Third "	**75**
Fourth "	**50**
Fifth to 15th prizes, each	**25**

We will award **$2,000** cash to any subscriber, club-raiser or book buyer lucky enough to guess the exact receipts of the U. S. Treasury—hitting the "bull's-eye," so to speak—for **Monday, March 25, 1901.** Whoever comes nearest will receive the first prize; the next nearest, the second prize; next nearest, the third prize, and so on to the fifteenth prize.

These guesses must be received by us on or before Saturday, the 23d day of March—two full days in advance.

A number of guesses may be had in any one, or all, of the **following three ways:**

Subscribe for more than one year. For every year your subscription has to run you are entitled to one guess.

Raise a club. For every yearly subscription you send in, or for every dollar's worth of books you sell for us, between March 1 and March 23, 1901, you are entitled to **two guesses.** Each member of the club is also entitled to one guess, or to more than one if he subscribes for more than one year. If any club member does not want a guess, the club-raiser can take that also.

Buy books. For every dollar's worth of books you buy from us between March 1 and March 23, 1901, you are entitled to one guess.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,
Washington, D. C.

RECENT TREASURY RECEIPTS.

These will show guessers how receipts run for Mondays at this time of the year:

1901.

Monday, Jan. 7	$2,421,264.14
Monday, Jan. 14	2,150,580.21
Monday, Jan. 21	1,936,846.95
Monday, Jan. 28	2,232,394.51
Monday, Feb. 4	2,364,149.07
Monday, Feb. 11	*5,421,024.87
Monday, Feb. 18	2,195,365.49
Monday, Feb. 25	1,984,961.79
Monday, March 4. Treasury closed.	
Monday, March 11	**2,723,632.74
Monday, March 18	2,304,877.70

*Note.—$2,942,811.05 of this is part payment Central Pacific R. R. indebtedness.

**Receipts abnormally large, mainly on account of excessive sale of stamps.

RECEIPTS FOR MARCH LAST YEAR.

The whole Treasury receipts for the month of March, 1900, were $48,726,837.31, being an average of $1,874,109.12 for each day, except Sundays. The receipts for the last Monday, the 26th of March, 1900, were $2,212,891.95.

The most promising "system" of guessing is to first make one guess that you think about right. Then make other guesses—some higher and some lower. Raise a club and make plenty of guesses, that is the way to win.

The Summerdale Brabble.

By ALBION W. TOURGEE.

"The dog-star raged." The heavens were brassy by day and Sirius glared by night. The seething cities vomited panting, grumbling thousands into the parched country-sides. Chautauqua, the marvelous, the inscrutable, was in its glory. The spacious auditorium and the microscopic lodgings were filled to overflowing. In this "fenced city" 20,000, perhaps 40,000, people were hidden under the trees in narrower quarters, and were animated by a greater diversity of motives than any other assemblage the earth has ever known. The hotter the sunshine the more grateful the shadows of the maples and beeches, and the fairer the leafy, watered hills that rose in the distance.

A young man, who had been lounging on a rustic bench on the Point—the center of these purlieus sacred to piety, pleasure and profit—with a book in his hand, sprang suddenly to his feet and rushed to the galleried building, which was wharf, bazar and police station all in one, as a steamer drew up and disgorged its human freight. The people who had been on it filed slowly through the turnstile giving entry to the grounds. Two ladies, evidently strangers to the place, passed the gate and paused in uncertainty under the arcade just beyond it.

"How do you do, Miss Keep," said Sears, for it was he, touching the younger lady on the arm.

She turned with a start. "You, Will!" she exclaimed. Then her face grew very red, and she asked in evident confusion: "You here, Mr. Sears? What is the matter?" In spite of the formality there was something in her tone that made the young man's face light up as he greeted her chaperon:

"How do you do, Mrs. Ashbel," he shouted into a little trumpet the elder lady had turned to receive his greeting, shaking his hand heartily at the same time.

"Oh, we're just as well as can be, thank you, Gilbert," answered the matron, who, though her hair was sprinkled with gray, showed in her eyes the sparkle of eternal youth. "But we had no idea of finding you here; at least, I had not," glancing at her charge, who answered the glance with another vivid blush. Mrs. Ashbel turned to Sears again, rather quizzingly.

"Oh, you're all wrong, Mrs. Ashbel," he shouted frankly. "The greatest surprise in my life was to find myself here at Chautauqua—the pleasantest, encountering you." He lifted his cap from his mop of hair and bowed as he spoke.

"Now, that's very nice, Gilbert. I'll remember it in your favor. Well, we are here for three weeks or so. I am to look after Miss Margaret—the doctor is to look after me"——

"And I'll volunteer to look after the doctor, if I may. He shall not miss a single lecture—but where is he?" asked Sears, suddenly looking around.

Mrs. Ashbel dropped the trumpet from her ear and gazed about her in anxiety. "Julius," she cried; "Julius, here we are!" No one seeming to respond, she rushed back to the barrier, leaving the others together a moment.

"How does it happen you're here, Will?" asked Margaret, rather pointedly.

"It is Providence," not prevision, Maggie. I've been sick, and was sent here to convalesce—by spending a good part of the time on the Lake, you know."

"Your illness—it wasn't serious?" looking at him sharply.

"HOW DOES IT HAPPEN YOU ARE HERE, WILL?" ASKED MARGARET, RATHER POINTEDLY.

"Typhoid. A few days after leaving Summerdale. Oh, I'm well now, a little 'no 'count,' that's all."

His appearance belied the suggestion of tremendous health, but before Margaret could reply Mrs. Ashbel bustled back.

"Well, children," she exclaimed, "father says we are to go on to the boarding-house while he wrestles with the baggage. You know how persistent he is! He won't leave the dock until he sees every one of those trunks safely sorted out and loaded on a—whatever it is they use for that purpose in this—what do you call it, pray—city, village, camp?"

"Chautauqua—'only that and nothing more,'" answered Gilbert, laughing. "It is unique; the more you see of it the less you are able to characterize it. Old-timers call it 'The Assembly,' or 'Fair Point;' moderns find the former insufficient and the latter incongruous. Where do you stop?"

"At 'The Aldine.' Do you know where it is?"

Gilbert took the elder lady's bag and stooped for Margaret's, saying:

"I've been staying there for a week"—

But Margaret interrupted him with "I'll carry that grip," and had tried to snatch her valise away from him as he reached down for it.

"Not if you're going with me, Miss Keep," retorted Sears, backing away with the small hand-bag. They strolled up the graveled path leading out of the park on the Point.

"You see, Gilbert," began Mrs. Ashbel, "Margaret is one of those new women one reads about. She wants to do everything herself. I'm not a bit that way. We old-style ladies expect the gentlemen to pack and carry for us every time. It's what they were created for. You may have my satchel; and here's my cape and my umbrella and my bundle of books"—and, laughing, she began to pass the various articles over.

"But Gilbert—Mr. Sears, has been ill, Mrs. Ashbel," Margaret exclaimed into the trumpet which the little woman manipulated so gracefully.

"Ill? Now she calls my attention to it, you are looking badly, Gilbert. I'll take back what I said, and my impediments, too."

An emphatic head-shake was Gilbert's reply.

"Well, it seems homelike to see you again, my boy," Mrs. Ashbel continued—"and natural to find you so stubborn. I hope you are not really ill?"

"I had a touch of fever in Cleveland—but it's nothing, now."

"And the most incredible things have happened in Summerdale since you left," pursued the sprightly lady, whose preference for talking rather than listening had been increased by her infirmity and the consciousness of what an effort it was for others to converse with her. "I shall have to go with you somewhere where we're safe from eavesdroppers and tell you about it."

"Now, Mrs. Ashbel," expostulated Margaret.

"There, you see what I've undertaken—to chaperon a girl who wants to monopolize all the gossip! But as it mostly concerns herself—I wonder where father is?" suddenly interrupting herself. "Could he lose the road?"

"Not when you're leading the way!" came from the rear, in tones to which long practice had given a penetrating quality that made Mrs. Ashbel's little trumpet superfluous. Dr. Ashbel came panting up the walk behind them, loaded with canes, umbrellas and parcels.

"Why, how do you do, Sears?" he exclaimed. "We might shake hands if either of us had one at liberty. Glad to see you. What course are you taking—Latin, music?"

"Just think, Gilbert, father's come here to deliver three lectures on the Ante-Nicene fathers!" broke in Mrs. Ashbel.

They had passed the confines of the mimic Palestine, over whose plaster peaks a reverent throng wandered, tracing in imagination the Master's footsteps, and were ascending the gentle slope which leads to the Amphitheater through the lawns of the Hotel Atheneum. A bright-faced young lady stepped out of a group of people on the sidewalk and silently offered her hand to Margaret, who took it with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. The others went on, and in a moment she joined them again.

"Who do you suppose that is?" she asked, breathlessly. "A girl who graduated from Wellesley the year I entered!"

"She must be a celebrity, then," said Gilbert, rather teasingly.

"Of course. That girl is not 25 yet, but she has come here to give a series